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EMMIE

"Shut up!"

"Why?"

"Because you talk too much."

"You would scold me for not saying anything, too."

"Anything would be better than the things you say that should be left unsaid."

"Well then, shut up."

Emmie was trying to overcome her sense of inferiority. She couldn't understand how Hank knew more than she did, because he was younger. She was sitting on the porch battling the lackadaisical, summer sun by knitting. The sun was winning the contest, though, and she knew it. Her brother, to her utmost despair, was helping too. Slamming the door with the concave screens, he sauntered up to her wicker chair. With evil casualness he requested her to move since she had been sitting there all afternoon. Hank wanted to read on his favorite chair, knowing that the rocking would put him in the trance-like state in which he could absorb the new words of Jules Verne. Emmie, exerting the eldest's right to bully, refused, saying that he had no right to make her move.

"Rights or no rights, move or I'll tell Louise," he replied.

Emmie knew that he would; his threats were usually carried out with evil precision. She was thinking about Larry. He was such a big guy with broad shoulders, and he was so good-looking. He had asked her to the movies last Saturday night, but she refused, playing the game that she was too young to lose at. She knew that Larry would feel impelled to ask her again tomorrow. Should she refuse?

"I can't even think in this house. Every time I start to do something this brat has to bother me."

Rather than surrender her thoughts to his, Emmie resigned herself to her persecutor and quietly, though not without an acid look, she moved to the steps.

"Did you know that Uncle Herbie was an undertaker?" asked Hank.

"How did you find that out?"

"I was just reading Ma's old letters to Daddy. She was telling Dad all about how her brother was going to some 'idiotic' school to learn undertaking."

"Where did you get those letters?"

"Never mind."

"You were fishing again, weren't you? If Daddy catches you fishing in his bureau, he'll give you the licking of your life."

"I suppose you'll laugh while he's doing it."

"No. I'll know you deserve it; but I've felt that belt of his and I know it hurts."

"Oh, but you don't have to worry, you're too old to get strapped."

"Oh shut up. You think you're so clever with your answers."

"Do you know what else I read about Ma?"

"No. What?"

"She was asking Dad to come back to her because she was going to have a baby."

Shock is expressed in a variety of ways, but only an attempt not to show it is most expressive of it. Emmie's lips were parted slightly; her eyes were two spheres of fire encased in liquid glass. Her forehead showed fear by its three up-and-down sloping wrinkles — fear that he knew more than she did. How could this hateful brat of ten have the crust to say such a thing to her. She was assured, however, that he didn't understand a thing that the letter said. He probably read it wrong, anyway. She feigned composure:

"So what?"

"Nothing. It's just that the letter was dated before they were married."

"You're a liar."

"I'm not. I'll show you the letter if you want."

"No. Don't."

Emmie picked up her ball of yarn and walked slowly upstairs to her room. She dropped the yarn and needles on her bed and sat down in her boudoir chair, on which had been thrown slips, skirts, bermudas, bobby socks, and one pair of nylons.

She began to think how her Father had once described her Mother. She was tall, thin and light-complexioned. She could walk as though her hands were clinging to clouds and her feet shammed walking. They used to go on picnics near a dilapidated barn facing a field of poppies and bordering a row of hemlocks. They would bring Emmie and watch her creep through the grass and flowers that must have seemed like trees and many flaming suns. He loved his wife, he would tell Emmie. He loved her so much that he could

never stop to think of her alone. It was always her and his love. Her and his love. Two inseparables joined in holy matrimony for life. Then her car ran off a cliff, and her life and his source of life died — two inseparables.

"I want to die! How can I face my friends, knowing that I'm illegal. How can I talk about Jane's leaving school because she had to get married, when Ma probably had to do the same thing?"

Hank strutted into Emmie's room and said:

"You didn't let me finish about the letter."

Tearfully: "Oh, go away. I don't want to hear more."

"You should've seen the names Ma was calling Dad — 'Darling,' 'Sweetheart.' Then she said how much she loved him and that her life could end right now and she would be the happiest woman alive because she was part of him and she was going to have his child."

"Will you get outa here."

"All right, Miss Crocodile Tears, I'll go. I don't know why you're crying though."

"Get out!" she screamed.

Emmie dried her eyes, picked up her knitting, lost a few stitches, and threw it down again.

"But they loved each other so very much," she thought.

Ronald Goudreau

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

by Frances Murphy

The bar was crowded. Swirls of blue-grey smoke undulated through a sound-pattern of raucous laughter, ice cubes clinking in glasses, and weary pulsations of tone from the orchestra.

Louise and Joey were sitting at a table in the corner. Joey, hunched over his glass of beer, fingered the glass with large work-grimed hands. Louise glanced furtively at the crowd. Her eyes probed into every corner, swept over the band, and darted back to Joey. The orchestra stopped its grinding sound. Louise laughed nervously to fill the silence, and then spoke abruptly.

"That band is wonderful. Don't you think so, Joey?"

Joey glanced up, stared at her for a second, and then responded with a manner of preoccupation.

"Yeah. Yeah, the band sure is wonderful." He looked around the room and then back into his glass.

Louise reached into her black, patent-leather handbag and took out her cigarettes. She fumbled with the pack for a moment and then carefully placed a cigarette into the center of her lips. Her hands were skinny, ugly things with short, bitten nails. A small diamond glinted dimly on her left hand. She failed twice to light the cigarette. Finally, the end glowed reassuringly and she inhaled hungrily. The orchestra resumed its tiresome beat.

"Say, Joey," Louise spoke with a note of almost desperate gaiety. Let's dance, huh? We haven't danced all evening." She encouraged him with a smile. "Okay, Joey?"

"Sure, baby. I'm sorry. I guess I'm just tired or something."

They strolled into the center of the crowded dance floor and mingled with the other couples. They danced well together. Louise was a small, thin girl with coarse, frayed-looking brown hair. She smiled up at Joey with her wide, weak mouth, and he pulled her in closer to him as they danced.

"Mmmmmmm, you smell good. What kind of perfume is that?" He spoke into her ear.

"It's called 'Irresistible.' It's the stuff you gave me for Christmas last year."

He grinned at her. "Oh yeah. I remember now. I certainly have good taste, huh, baby?" They both laughed. He kissed her lightly on the nose. "Well, Louise honey, only two more weeks. Only two more weeks and it's us together. I mean, just you and me. You'll belong to little Joey then. All mine. My lawfully wedded wife. My woman."

Louise didn't reply. She looked at Joey for a moment with a strange, fearful expression in her large, watery blue eyes. Then she laughed feebly and hid her face in his shoulder.

The dance ended and they went back to the table. Louise's cigarette had rolled out of the ashtray and onto the table. She picked up the cigarette and, carefully wiping the ashes into her hand, put them in the ashtray. She did this meticulously and slowly with a sort of distant air. She was smiling.

"What are you smiling about, Louise?" Joey questioned with amusement. "Private joke or something?"

She regarded him thoughtfully, still smiling. "No, not exactly."

"Well, tell me," Joey persisted. "After ail, I have a right to know,

don't I?" He took her hand in both his own.

She sighed, still smiling, and her pale, child's face was less strained than it had been. She began hesitantly.

"I was thinking about my sister Hazel and me when we were children and all. She was a real nice little kid. I used to take care of her all the time when Mama was working. Hazel never gave me any trouble. We used to go down to the park and she'd just play in the sandbox all afternoon. You know. She'd build those palaces with popsicle sticks with leaves stuck on them for flags. She just used to stay there alone in the sandbox all afternoon making those things. She was a real nice little kid." Louise snuffed out her cigarette and paused reflectively. She began to pluck little balls of wool off her pink cardigan. Her eyes were sad. "Anyway," her voice softened, "I used to set her hair in these pin curls when she was only about eight years old. Her hair was real fine and soft and pretty, but when I set it I would put the bobby pins all crooked and funny. You see? Then when her hair was combed out, it looked terrible. It was this sort of mass of corkscrew curls all over her head, sticking out in all different directions." Louise, unaware of Joey's doubtful look, continued. "It used to look so crummy and funny. I remember I used to nearly die laughing." She giggled a little bit. "But the thing is, Joey" — she bent over the table and spoke earnestly — "it makes me sad now to think of it. Do you see? I mean, Hazel really thought she looked great and all, and actually she looked ridiculous. I mean, I did this to her and she was only a little girl. She didn't even know I was making her look stupid. It was so cruel and sad, and now I wish I hadn't done it." She chuckled softly, watching Joey pour another beer. "It was funny, though." Her voice became almost shrill. "Don't you see, Joey? Don't you see how cruel it was? Her hair didn't even curl. I mean it just sort of — bent." Choked, rasping laughter shook her slight body in little tremors and her hands shook slightly as she wiped the tears from her face.

Joey watched her impassively for a moment. When her giggles had subsided somewhat, he spoke.

"Honest to God, Louise. Honest to God, you're soft as a grape. I swear it. Every once in a while you get on these kicks where you think everything is funny and sad and you feel sorry for everyone. This is crazy, Louise. In the first place, everything isn't funny or sad. Some things just *are*, that's all. I mean they're not funny; they're not sad; they're not beautiful or ugly or anything. They just *are*. Also, something can be either

funny or sad. But it can't be both."

Louise spoke quickly, with intensity. "Of course, it can be both. Things that are funny almost always have something sad about them. Do you remember that woman we saw in Boston? Remember? The one with all the eye make-up and lipstick on. And remember that huge rhinestone brooch and those wedgies and ankle sox she was wearing? I mean, she probably thought she looked beautiful. Oh, we laughed, Joey. Sure, but it was still very sad. I mean, you had to feel kind of sorry for her. You know?"

Joey spoke angrily. "No! Dammit, no! I certainly don't know! You might go around feeling sorry for every nut that looks kind of funny, but I certainly don't. And I'm sure not many other people do, either . . . Louise, so what! So what if that woman looked silly and she thought she looked sharp! There's nothing sad about that, is there?"

Louise was staring down at the table. She trembled. Joey's voice grew tender and almost apologetic. He took her rough, dry hands and held them to his lips for a moment. He spoke seriously.

"Now, look, honey. I love you. You know that. But you've got to cut out this foolishness. I mean you can't feel sorry for everyone. Don't you see this? It's crazy. I mean, I love you and I know you and understand you and all, but other people might take you seriously. Do you see?"

He lifted her face with his hand and smiled warmly at her.

"Now let's just dance and forget this whole thing. Okay?" He patted her hand and they both rose and bumped their way through the cluttered tables to the dance floor.

COMMENTS ON FROST

The world mourns the death of Robert Frost. Perhaps his great popularity was in part due to his vitality and optimism, which contrast so sharply with the pessimistic works of Yeats, Eliot, and most of his contemporaries. Frost was so involved with life that he had little time or patience for thoughts of death — and those that he did incorporate into his poetry were mostly oblique; that is, they were impersonal and removed from the author.

Of his few poems which did speculate on death, his long narrative piece "The Death of the Hired Man," is perhaps the most noted. It is the story of an old man approaching his last days. "Ghost House" and "The Witch of Coos" dwell somewhat on death, but the people involved are not personally known by Frost, so the mood re-

mains objective and detached. Only fleeting suggestions of death appear in "The Sound of Trees" and his famous "Stopping by Woods On a Snowy Evening." In "The Sound of Trees," in which Frost speculates upon why we like trees near us, the only hint of death comes when he concludes with "Some day . . . I shall have less to say, but I shall be gone." In "Stopping by Woods" he describes the moment when he stops his horse in the middle of the dark woods to watch them "fill up with snow." He realizes that the animal is getting impatient and that he must get home, so he concludes:

"He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.
The woods are lovely, dark and deep,

But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep."

Even though the topic of death shows itself in some of Frost's poetry, the beauty of the imagery and composition prevent the morbid air that appears in works such as Yeats' "Leda and the Swan." Even in the fragment above there are appeals to sight, sound, and touch. "The Road Not Taken" tells of two grassy lanes diverging "in a yellow wood." The traveler in the poem wishes he could take both paths, but finally says,

"I shall be telling this with a sigh

Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood,
and I —

I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference."

There is a kind of reminiscent loneliness in Frost's works that has an elusive beauty of its own which becomes more and more apparent in retrospect.

The surface-simplicity of poems like "A Cabin in the Clearing," "Pearl of Hope," "Questioning Faces" is another factor in Frost's popularity. He wrote about simple subjects: a pioneer family, an orchard in the fall, the wonder of children, the beauty of New England. Thus, the common man can understand the poems and appreciate their beauty. But this is just the surface value of Frost's poetry. Those more adept at understanding poetry can see the deep thought in poems like "Escapist — Never," in which Frost, in only twelve lines, expresses the same thought that Sinclair Lewis wrote his novel *Arrowsmith* to convey.

Frost's poetry deals with every aspect of human nature from love and hate to hope and sloth. To secure his fame, he need only now pass the test of time. But fame was never important to Frost; all praise

that came, he took in his stride, because of his assurance and modesty. As he wrote in "Auspex,"

"Not find a barkeep unto Jove in me?

I have remained resentful to this day

When any but myself presumed to say

That there was anything I couldn't be."

— By George R. French

FOUR SHADES IN SEARCH OF A PERSONALITY

by Ronald Holohan

The entire action occurs atop the head of a senior, who, despite her valiant efforts to concentrate on a professor's lecture, has fallen asleep for three minutes. The owner of the head is a sweet, but slightly scatter-brained girl, one of the many who are dispatched to college to make something of themselves or at least capture husbands.

SETTING: Complete darkness, then gradual illumination until a subdued glow exposes a shadowy jungle of entangled hair, each strand of which is more than twenty-feet long and the thickness of a telephone cable. The hair-forest fills the entire stage, except for a niche of open space, probably a bald spot. Standing alone in this enclosure is a twenty-year-old girl, dressed in a child's pinafore, holding a jump-rope, and sucking her thumb. About her float snowflakes of dandruff shook loose from gently swaying hair-trees.

In the background, within the forest, a more violent movement of trees can be discerned, together with the sight of an explorer's helmet bobbing its way toward the open circle. From the same direction comes the sharp sound of a wooden ruler striking flesh.

Reciter's Voice: (an omnipresent monotone) "What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow out of this stony rubbish?"

(Mother, whose balloon-body resembles the rotund proportions of the *Venus of Willendorf*, enters the circle and dusts off her helmet. For the moment eclipsed by the gigantic companion is the Spinster, a tall, thin line, with purple eye-circles behind silver-rimmed spectacles.)

Mother: (breathless, her monumental frame heaving with all the impressiveness of an ocean swell) Don't you ever want to press something warm and alive against your body?

Spinster: I believe that there are ideals other than motherhood to which a female may aspire. In addition, my vocation provides me with many children, not to fondle surely, but to straighten and strengthen. (For emphasis,

she claps her ruler against the palm of her hand).

Reciter's Voice: "The vilest abortionist."

Mother: Well, I can't see how a young woman can — (noticing pinafore girl). What have we here — an elf-baby? What's your name, little girl?

Lost Girl: (continuing to suck her thumb, speaks out of the corner of her mouth). I don't know who I am, Ma'am. I'm lost.

Mother: (caressing her) A delightful, lovely child.

Reciter: Adolescence, the transition years, is marked by mental, emotional, and physical upheavals. A curious glandular activity results in a temporary loathing for one's parents, the discovery that God no longer dwells in the sky, and an acute case of idealism. Handle with caution, highly explosive.

Relative's Echo: The disrespect that children nowadays display toward their elders is a terrible, terrible disgrace. What they all need is a good spanking, that's all I can say.

(This voice comes from a stump, possibly a blackhead, on the periphery of the circle and has the hollow tone of sound resonating in an empty barrel.)

Rebellion's Voice: (screaming from background) You can say anything you like. I don't care. I've got a right to be free, and I'm going to do what I want.

(On the last word, Rebellion bounds into the circle, brandishing a sword and wearing the masculine mask of angry Rebellion. Yet, he has the white wings of Freedom, and with a moment's change of masks, he can transform into his feminine counterpart.)

Spinster: How very unseemly of you, young man. Go back out and re-enter in a manner befitting a gentleman.

Mother: (giggling) I think he's kind of cute.

Freedom: (having donned the elongated mask with the Madonna expression of melancholy, flutters her wings) But, I wish so much to soar.

Spinster: So do I, but what should happen if everyone were to do just as they wished? (ruler crack) No, there must be rules for an orderly society.

Relative's Echo: Besides, you've got to work for what you want. Get established first, then soar later on your easy-payment, layaway insurance plan.

Reciter's Voice: "Provide, provide."

Mother: You should be ashamed of yourself, young lady, wanting to go flying like a regular Peter Pan, instead of settling down to marriage and a family, as a decent girl should.

Relative's Echo: Go to college and

find yourself a nice boy.

Mother: Do you want to end up being an old — oh, I beg your pardon.

Spinster: Quite allright, although I could hardly disagree with you more. I understand a girl's dreams, visions of freedom, of travel, and self-fulfillment. Look at me, for example —

Reciter's Voice: "Come gaze with me upon this dome of many-colored glass. . . ."

Spinster: As a young woman, my one ambition was to someday ascend a rocky hill in Greece that I once had seen in a photograph. Cracked white marble, sunlight, glistening blue ocean. And in only six more years, I'll have enough money to go with a group of the girls. A two-week tour through Europe, seeing all the important landmarks, and at special group rates too. (She pauses and shivers.)

Reciter: "I have measured out my life with coffee spoons."

Spinster: (recovering from her reverie) So you see, my dear, one must plan ahead and work patiently toward one's dream.

(Deep tolling of a large, iron bell.)

Lost Child: (taking her thumb from her mouth and cowering) What's that noise?

Mother: (stroking her hair) Don't be frightened, pretty little one. It's only a bell ringing the time.

Spinster: I suspect a school bell ending classes.

Lost Girl: No, not yet.

Rebellion: (coming to his sense, and having masked, snarls as he hobbles offstage, vainly flapping his flaccid wings and making tiny leaps).

I don't care what you say. I'm going to fly. I'm going to. I'm going to.

Reciter's Voice: "Who pulls me down?"

Spinster: Poor, wounded bird.

Echo of Relative: What a silly, vain creature it was.

Spinster: (approaches stump) I don't think I like you, and I never realized that before.

(Bell tolls again and continues to ring until the end of the play.)

Lost Girl: (clutching Mother's dress) Make it stop.

Spinster: That can't be done. (ruler clap) Best to face up to it, and hope all turns out well. (exiting) Good luck.

Reciter's Voice: (against background of momentarily louder toll) "HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME."

Lost Girl: But I don't want to go.

Mother: I'm afraid you must.

Lost Girl: (trying to lose herself between the twin balconies of this massive facade) Please stay with me.

Mother: (smiling, but breaking her

embrace) No, I'm sorry, but I've got to be off. (exiting) I must create some children, you know.

(The Lost Girl, sticking her thumb back into her mouth, attempts to follow Mother, but she is repulsed by the undergrowth. Then, going over to the stump.)

Lost Girl: (whining) Please, please help a little, lost girl.

(The stump gurgles and rumbles, then pops, erupting a lava of foamy custard.)

Reciter: "HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME."

(The Lost Girl runs around the circle, seeking an opening, but she is repulsed by the growth each time, while the Reciter keeps quoting in same monotone, "HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME," and the scene blacks out.)

LEONARD BASKIN AND HIS HOPEFUL WOODCUTS

Running parallel to the other contemporary art forms, the visual arts are expressing the intense introspection, the search for permanent values, and the insecurity that especially marks life today. This situation, while perfectly understandable, has been neither a constructive nor a cheering one.

However, a revival of work in the medium of the woodcut, an historically rich and potent graphic art, is beginning to restore security.

The woodcuts of Leonard Baskin, a forty-year old professor of art at Smith College, represent a significant turning away from the accepted and firmly entrenched canons of the abstract expressionists. Indeed, with his concern for the human figure, Baskin is helping to revive a long defunct humanism.

In an article in the April, 1961 issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Baskin explains his turn-about.

"Can an art which is wholly devoid of figurative elements hold such wonder and glory as does so much of the art of the past? Introducing abstract expressionism, I am not unmindful of such qualities as it does have. What are these qualities? The release from specific imagery has permitted the abstract expressionist painters a freedom which is at once tempestuous and grand. They can, like some bizarre unleashed spirit, wander at will and in near-paroxysms of ecstasy and cathartic release over a surface of canvas grown grotesque in breadth and Gargantuan in height."¹

Baskin's concern with the human figure cannot be considered *ipso facto* a rejection of abstractionism, if only because Picasso has done much work with the human figure. Nor does Baskin completely embrace the philosophy of the Renaissance humanists. Rather, the fif-

teenth-century thesis and the twentieth-century antithesis are now combined to produce "a new kind of 'humanism' conditioned by abstract expressionism."²

Thus, the woodcuts of Leonard Baskin, playing upon the human element — portraying man's physical coming to grips with life — are a clear path leading away from the wailing wall of contemporary art.

Early in 1960, at New York's Museum of Modern Art, Baskin gave a showing of his works under the title "New Images of Man." Baskin's work was seen by most critics as a failure, an unsuccessful deviation from the norm of abstract expressionism. But not all saw it as such.

"A small group believed that in an era when the 'human' element is conspicuous by its absence in our most vital art, there was cause for rejoicing that the lost sheep had been found again."³

The general dissatisfaction with the showing is understandable. Being a highly personal synthesis of abstract and figurative representation, Baskin's woodcuts fail to satisfy either traditionalists or the old avant-garde. In times so beset with the Freudian, the abnormal, and the distorted, art that is expressive of the human struggle in simple human terms is not readily understood.

Howard F. Collins, in an article entitled "Leonard Baskin, Master of the Woodcut," expresses this lack of understanding. In it he points out Baskin's position and its meaning for us.

"If, as the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset has said, our age has been a witness to the dehumanization of art, the work of such imagists as Leonard Baskin is its antithesis. Not that it is humanistic in the confident sense of the Renaissance Neo-Platonists, but that they belong to that . . . group who would remind us that as long as man, as a prisoner of the flesh, must observe his world through the clouded veil of the senses, reality can have no meaning except as it relates to him."⁴

(Continued on page 4, col. 4)

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"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"

by Priscilla Taylor

across the tables
i see the glassyeyed
mannequin people
chatting
from the thick air of the room
i hear the cellophane paper
laughs
breaking and scattering
sawdust
over the littered tables
you sit across from me
a mirror of my plaster face
and voice
fool
dying to make love
but instead
talking about the brown coat
i bought yesterday
the subject turns to grecian urns
or cats
i raise my wooden eyes
to see the clock
must be going
dont work too hard
thats the way life is
c'est la vie
dont do anything I wouldnt do
see you
ta ta
bye
so
long
you paint a grin
and effort a wave
i wind up my key and walk away
with the
why didn't i says
dropping behind me
did you ever know a child
who locked up his heart and threw the key
away

POLITICS AND CONSCIENCE

In considering making politics a lifelong career, I have received a great deal of would-be practical advice. Almost all my well-wishers inform me that one must compromise his idealism in order to achieve some degree of success. Principles, they urge, must be subordinated to matters of expediency and "practical politics." Controversy should be avoided; one should not express any opinions which are in contradiction to the views of the majority.

Although I appreciate these cautions, and have discussed them in the spirit in which they have been given, I cannot help disagreeing with them. Every man should have a set of active principles and convictions which are based on reason and logic. To many people unfortunately, these principles and

convictions serve only as distant and impractical goals, but for me they are the very spirit of my daily existence.

If a person begins to compromise his principles in order to achieve personal advancement or security, his loss is greater than his gain. He cannot be honest with himself. He begins to compromise with the values which have given him a purpose in life, and mere selfishness corrupts character.

Let us not, however, confuse compromise in principles with compromise in policy. Every shrewd politician realizes that compromise on matters of policy is essential at times for active social reform. This type of compromise is an accepted tradition in American politics.

The compromise which I reject

THE RECEPTACLE

it flickered and jumped into consciousness, this product of matter, unto my memory, when i, aware with less despair than at the loss of thought, became resolute to not let slip my gem, my world, my life's occupation and snatched it tightly with vigor and virility until it, arrested, wrested in my will's grip, clutching its existence, praying for preservation, for repetition, utterance — speak now! i kept the thought — it's lost now, vanished — my mind is vacant. the thought escaped into the unviewed void.

Ronald Goudreau

LIGHT BLACK

Love, like darkness, drops on day
And sets out on a path trodden
By the eye's innermost way.
My desire by my heart is laden.
The day is dark, and love sights
The heart's heart by its flowing beads,
And swerves the lover from the bights.
By day my love takes its seed.
Evening merges light and dark:
Love bridges hate and apathy
By, inside out, placing a mark
That shows both by kissing sadly.

Ronald Goudreau

DIPTYCH

A pine pricks clouds
As I, inflated, search minds
For needles; loud,
Fearful on earfuls of lines
Reviewing mines
Exploding into dry cones.
Thrusts will do it
By bursting needle bundles
As we all sit
Humming songs, twirling trundles
Of stuck mumbles
Oozing alertness to bones.
Jet black is night
When compared to hurting sun;
But wrong is right,
And evening, with grace, will shun,
Like song does a hum,
Light begotten on loans.

Ronald Goudreau

PSYCHOPATH

By George R. French

My name is Chauncy Larson,
I'm a Western movie star.
The cowpokes and the ranchers
Know that I'm the best by far
At catching cows or rustlers
And at riding bronc or stag
Or at being just a hero
From a penny-novel's page.
I roam a dusty landscape,
Always showing off my charms;
I battle braves and flash-floods
Just to die in my gal's arms.
You should have seen my last flick
(I must say I did excel!)
I killed some fifty Indians
To reach my Southern Belle!
I watched them come a-charging,
Then I lit the dynamite,
And when the dust had set
There wasn't a breathing one in sight. . .
Permit me, Mr. Larson,
To disturb your monologue,
For, as author, I must clear
The readers' gathering mental fog.
(Mr. Larson was a janitor
Whom everybody shoved
Until he showed them all
His great compulsion to be loved:
He'd tell them his adventures
And he'd mount his mop with glee,
Then he'd motion toward his "ranch house"
So that all could look and see.
It really was pathetic
How he'd gallop down the hall
And he finally reached the point
Where he could do no work at all.
His boss then had to fire him
And his mind completely cracked.
So they sent him to a hospital
Wherein the wards were packed.
He looked in vain for any help
From earth or from Above;
He drifted through a void,
A universe deplete of Love) . . .
Now tell me, Mr. Larson,
How you killed the warring Chief.
I'd like to hear the story
If you promise to be brief. . .

by John C. Howcroft

of expediency can provide. We need men of great good faith, noble vision, and the courage to be independent of the narrower concerns of party.

Leonard Baskin (cont.)

1. Leonard Baskin, "The Necessity for the Image," *The Atlantic Monthly*, CCVII (April, 1961), 74-75.
2. Betty Kaufman, "A New Kind of 'Humanism,'" *The Commonwealth*, LXXIV (June 16, 1961), 310.
3. Kaufman, p. 310.
4. Howard F. Collins, "Leonard Baskin, Master of the Woodcut," *School Arts*, LXII (November, 1962), 39.

Andrew DeTooma